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**DARKNESS.**  
The night has a thousand eyes,  
And the day but one;  
Yet the light of the bright world dies  
With the setting sun.  
The mind has a thousand eyes,  
But the heart but one;  
Yet the light of the whole life dies  
When love is gone.  
—New York Press.

**ONE SIDE OF A TALK.**

A windy November evening closed in dark and dismal, threatening wild weather in the night. The tea things put away early, we gathered around the fire, each of us in chosen cozy corner, for a long, quiet evening, listening to the wind and the surf, half looking for a shipwrecked crew to come to us, when brisk footsteps sounded outside and our friend Robinson Crusoe, bound in leather jacket and fishing boots dripping with rain and salt spray, his cheeks glowing and his black eyes snapping with fun.

We all started up with the same quick question of what was the matter, fancying all sorts of mishaps to his lightness, or his dory to account for his appearance in the storm and darkness from the farther side of the always rough channel. But he settled himself serenely near the door, merely saying by way of answer: "Well, you marm, I won't come no nearer the fire; I'll set it down here with my boots, so's not to mis yer floor up none," hanging his sleek wet fur cap on his knee to drip and to dry.

"That plaguy dory of mine, she leaks like thunder. Durno how she'll stand it, laying to your wharf in this way of the wind, while I set. But I guess she won't damage none but what I can get across in her. 'Tain't only a couple o' miles away."

His shaggy black hair dried in a tangle as he talked, smoothed down from time to time by a hand sent aloft when not fidgeting with his buttons, or the chair, or his cap.

"I dunno how my man Friday'll get along while I'm gone. He's kinder scatty, that little tower o' mine, an' don't he hate wuss'n pison havin' me gone! By thunder! But ef he ain't old enough ter stay alone nightsawile I'll tell him he'd better be gettin' him another job. Lord! He's forty-one, an' meagron on twenty-four. An' I ain't scatty. Oh, he's a big fool! It's his watch'll fill 12 tonight, anyway, an' he can make the old gal go well enough ef he's a mind to an' don't go ter dickerin' with the machinery."

There was a shade of anxiety in his tone; he rose and tiptoed heavily to the window, peering out to catch a glimpse of his faraway light.

"There she goes," he said. "She's all right. Redden; white, live; an' I guess she'd boy knows what he's about, but she ain't no fool, really, he don't know half the time which side his bread's buttered."

Sitting down again he stretched one leg out, while he dragged up from the depths of his trousers pocket a letter wrapped in newspaper.

"I come over to see ef I could borrow a postage stamp," he said; then suddenly laughed aloud at his thoughts.

"Jim's so scatty I didn't say a darned word how I was comin' after supper. I jest set him washin' dishes, and that takes all the mind he's got, an' I snuck out an' let the dory fly; an' when she struck the water he come a-bustin' out the door on deck; thinks I'd fell overboard, ye know; an' I sings out, pullin' out from the tower, an' the wind a-blowin'—I says, 'Goodby, Jim,' says I, 'I'm goin' ter leave yer now.' An' my Lord! he stomped int' the entry an' slammed the door to. Chokin' mad, he was. My Lord! guess he hain't got over a-cussin' yet! Allus says when I do somethin' out o' common, says he, 'Deneed tomfoolery,' says he; an' Crusoe buffeted his cap in a tumult of boyish glee."

"When I git back he'll be awful glad, but he ain't agoin' ter let on, mind; he thinks I hain't got but half an eye, any how, an' ain't never up to his tricks. But I know him, sir—marm, like a book! He'll let me haul the old dory up singin' handed an' think he's takin' his spite out that way, but, good Lord! I kin run all round him, as far as tricks goes. Why, it don't take more mind than I've got in my collar button to git 'rround ef Friday. Don't mean no reel harm, nor I don't never really hurt him, but he is sich an' old fool I like to hector him some. Ef it blows a puff o' wind he'll be scatty, the tower tumblin' down."

"That night it blowed so—it yer two weeks come next Monday—I tell yer the old gal shook, an' that's a fact. But, my gracious! she's as tight as the hair on yer head, an' don't scare me none! But when we was to supper, an' the seas was a-bangin' an' a-bustin' on her, and the dishes a-rattlin', I jest hit the table leg a clip an' says solemn ter Jim, I says, 'Jim, we're a-goner!' an' he up an' down a-sprayin' 'Oh, what'll we do?' says he. An' I says, 'Jim,' says I, 'mebbe she'll fall to landward,' I says, an' by gosh! wasn't he mad when he ketchin' on."

"I ben washin' today. Did yer see my washin' out? Washed and ironed same day. See my shirt? Ain't it clean! Can't I wash good?" he asked brightly, standing up and throwing open his jacket, beating his breast, as if we, too, might come forward if we could and snite upon his manly shirt front.

A fine deep red surged up in his weather-beaten cheeks in pride of performance. "We git done terrible quick, we do. Shove the table up 'longside the stove an' let her go. Hain't got but one flattron, so I drive her awhile, an' then Jim, when she's hot agin. But don't Jim make a kick, though! My Lord! Says hisn' good enough ef he folds 'em an' sets 'em away, but I don't want no man roun' me that don't iron his clothes good, an' I keep him at it, an' while he's jawin' I jest keep to leeward an' lay quiet."

"I'm a terrible good washer an' ironer myself, but it's meakin' gits me. I've got a hole in the heel o' this sock I've got on now, an' kills me to wear a hole. An' blamed ef I kin sew it up. An' buttons ef I can't go that neither; I've got three

off'n these pants I've got on, but I can't sew 'em on. You best your buttons off, terrible, hangin' on that ole dory o' mine, up an' down ev'ry time yer use her; an' 'tain't nuff fer me to, but Jim, he's got to go a-bustin' 'em off my clothes, 'cos he hain't got 'nuff of his own to his back. I couldn't never learn to sew, somehow. I'll tell yer how it is—it's this way: You take a piece o' cloth, an' you clap a button onto one side of it, an' then you go to work an' try to navigate through from 't'other side with a needle, an' ef you don't stave the point off ev'ry single time I'll swaller it!"

"Old lady down to Moose island, where I come from, last winter's done my button sewin' for two years back, an' comes kinder rough on me doing of it myself. Jim hed oughter to know how to sew, didn't he now? But he don't. I says to him sometimes, 'Jim,' I says, 'you'd orter be ashamed, big ez you be an' can't sew.' But don't do no good, only makes him madder 'n a settin' hen. Allus does when I get foul er any o' his lacks. But he's a good feller, Jim is, on'y he ain't never been brought up right. It makes a lot o' difference to a feller whether he's been brought up."

Friday's critic was spread out at comfortable length in his chair, worrying his fur cap tirelessly as he talked.

"I don't mean that kind o' fetchin' up the big bugs set out to have," he explained, warming up to a new idea. "My gracious! there's one or two houses I go into sometimes, summer folks down to Moose island, in town for winters. I ben to 'em. I know how they dwell. Yer can't tell me! Why I gwin there awhile an' seems ez ef I should dwup thro' the roof, makes me so deuced uncomfortable. So stan up an' p'ticer them kind o' folks is, yer can't fetch a step but what yer come down on some er their notions. Good Lord! in some of them rixocratic houses yer have ter split a bean 'er eat it. Ef I want sunn' t' eat I druther eat off'n the floor than be so awful slow and mannery. Now, I like to come over here, yer don't have ter act anyhow."

"Now, I'll tell yer, did yer ever notice," (balancing his cap on one fist and beating it around and around with the other) "it's jest this way—sometimes yer have a awful sight better time when it don't cost nothin' than ye do when it does. That's what the matter. Now I'll tell yer. I set out to go to Yarmouth on a Sunday to see my cousin, Maria Collins, an' so I staid over till Monday. Well, I'll be blamed ef I ever hed a better time in my life; an' do ye believe, the whole thing didn't cost fifteen cents. Nor I couldn't tell ter save me what I done, only set upon an' luffed, an' I domo what I was luffin' at. Maria's a teurer and she makes things hum—an' so's her children. Terrible nice children."

"I've ben places where I'd git rid of fifteen dollars an' wisht all the while time I hadn't went. There's lots o' things you pay for that's poor investments, I say—specially parties and presents. Now I'll tell yer. I went to a party down to Moose Neck, an' me an' another feller we laid out five dollars for the two of us, an' blamed ef it wasn't a clean fizzle. My boots was too small, pinched awful, an' there was too many girls. Ef there's one thing I hate, it's too many girls at a party. An' I hain't went to another party since. An' just see what I laid out, now, compared to Maria's, an' didn't get no lastin' satisfaction!"

"I guess I'll be goin' now. Jim he'll be cussin' an' jawin' an' lookin' out the door ev'ry little while 'ef I'm comin', but soon ez I leave in sight under them tower steps, he'll in and slat the door an' make believe not know I'm around. Oh, he's a sly one, Jim is. Well, good night; I guess I'll be goin. Hope to see you over to my house, some o' these nice nights. Well, I made a visit, hain't I, this time! Ef ye stan up it's a call, an' ef ye set down it's a visit. Well, I guess I'll be goin'. Good night!"

—Boston Transcript.

**A Fortunate Greenhorn.**

"When I came to this country," said a merchant recently, "I was a lad fresh from old Ireland. My first home was with friends in Cambridge. In one of my walks, before I had been here a week, I came across a queer, old fashioned house that interested me immensely. I described it to my friends, and learned that it was the home of the poet Longfellow. That increased my interest."

"The next day I went again to the queer house and stood gawking looking at it and at an old gentleman sitting in the yard. I stared so long that the old gentleman noticed it, and coming to the fence asked me what I was looking at. I told him that I wanted to see the man who lived there, because I had read his works in the schools of Ireland."

"The old gentleman asked me what I knew about Longfellow's writings, and I told him I knew enough about one poem to repeat every word of it."

"When he heard that he asked me to come into the house and recite the poem to him. I went in and repeated 'The Village Blacksmith' without making a mistake. That pleased my listener, and putting on his hat he asked me to walk with him. He said that I should have something that many people had asked for and tried in vain to get."

"He stopped under a big tree and said: 'This is the tree under which that poem you recited was written. The village smithy was under this tree.'"

"Then the aged poet marched up and with his own hand broke off a branch of that famous tree and gave it to me."—Boston Herald.

**Cups Used by Tea Tasters.**

The tea cups used by tea merchants in tasting tea are made especially for the purpose of the finest French china and have no handles or saucers. The teas are carefully weighed out and placed in the cups, when boiling water is poured on them. Tea tasters nowadays depend more upon the odor than the taste of teas and some of the most expert do not taste them at all, but rely entirely upon smelling them. —Philadelphia Ledger.



Mrs. Amanda Paisley

For many years an esteemed communicant of Trinity Episcopal church, Newburgh, N. Y., always says: "Thank You" to Hood's Sarsaparilla. She suffered for years from Eczema and Scrofula sores on her face, head and ears, making her death nearly a year, and affecting her sight. To the surprise of her friends

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Has effected a cure and she can now hear and see as well as ever. For full particulars of her case send to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS are hand made, and are perfect in condition, proportion and appearance.

**Bargains This Week!**

In Crockery and House-furnishing Goods.

Pepper and Salts, 3c. ea.  
Butter Dishes (glass), 9c. ea.  
Cup and Saucer (gilt band), 12c. ea.

Fancy Fruit Plates, 12c. ea.  
Berry and Ice Cream Sets (7 pieces), 45c. set.

Bamboo Easels, 45c. ea.  
Cuspidors (decorated china), 50c. ea.

Teaspoons (German silver), 50c. set.  
Teaspoons (Rogers' triple plate), \$1.00 set.

Russell's Triple plate Knives, \$1.43 set.  
Gas Stoves (2 burners), 1.75.

Toilet Sets (10 pieces, decorated), \$1.98.  
Banquet Lamp, with shade complete, \$2.25.

Oil Stove, (2 burner, double), \$2.45.  
Clocks (eight-day cathedral going), \$3.50.

**Lord & Taylor**

Grand Street Store. N. Y.

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The Consol Policy recently announced by THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK combines MORE ADVANTAGES WITH FEWER RESTRICTIONS than any Investment Insurance contract ever offered. It consolidates

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JONATHAN W. BUTTER, President.  
JOSEPH K. OAKES, Vice-President.

Office: 7 Broad St., near Bloomfield Ave.  
Hours, 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Also, Mondays from 7 to 9 P. M.

An abstract of the Annual Report made January 1, 1892, to the Board of Control of the State of New Jersey, and filed in the Department of the Secretary of State in pursuance of law.

STATEMENT JANUARY 1, 1892.

RESOURCES.	
Bonds and mortgages	\$158,400.00
Real Estate	3,000.00
U. S. and other bonds	31,984.00
Interest due and accrued	4,048.63
Office furniture, etc.	500.00
Cash in bank and office	19,972.57
	\$217,899.60
LIABILITIES.	
Due depositors (including interest)	\$200,367.94
Surplus	17,531.66
	\$217,899.60

Interest is credited to depositors on the first day of January and July in each year for the three and six months then ending. Deposits made on or before the first business day in January, April, July, and October, bear interest from the first day of the month. All interest when credited at once becomes principal and bears interest accordingly.

JOSEPH H. DODD, Treasurer.

**IN CHANCERY OF NEW JERSEY.**

To Richard Duncan Harris and Mrs. Richard Duncan Harris, Plaintiffs, vs. The County of Essex, Defendant.

ESTATE OF MARY JANE YOUNG, DECEASED. Pursuant to the order of John E. Patterson, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned Executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the executor under oath of indebtedness their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from presenting or recovering thereon against the subscriber.

**DAWKINS**

Is opposite the New Town Committee Rooms and Tax Collector's Office, three doors south of the new Post-office.

**DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS, ETC.**

SCHOOL SUPPLIES. Copy Books, Composition Books, Pads, Pens, Pencils, Lead and Slate Pencil, Pen-knives, Erasers, Rulers, Crayons, Chalk, Ink, Muehage, Pencil Boxes, School Bags, etc.

Patrons respectfully solicited.

**Martin J. Callahan, CONTRACTOR.**

Flagger, Curbing and Paving. A supply of best steps, window sills and caps, and other steps constantly on hand.

STONE YARD: 65 GLENWOOD AVE., NEAR D. L. & W. R. R. DEPOT.

RESIDENCE ON THOMAS STREET, 1858.

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Wall and Ceiling Painting, Frescoing, Marbleing, Kalsomining, Glazing, etc.; also Papering and Decorating Done in the Best Manner.

Will be pleased to show my sample book of New Designs of Papers for 1892. Samples of all different grades, with borders and friezes to match.

I will maintain my reputation for prompt and careful attention to all orders.

**GUSTAV BRUETT, CONTRACTOR.**

Plain and Ornamental Gardener, Grading, Curbing, Set, Draining, Flag Walks Laid, Masoning, Grounds Laid out, Furniture and Pianos Carefully Moved.

ODORLESS EXCAVATING. GENERAL TEAM WORK. Special Attention given to Moving Furniture and all kinds of Team Work.

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Hand-Made Harness my Specialty

Repairing done with neatness and dispatch.

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Ice Cream and Ices, ALL FLAVORS.

Bricks a Specialty all the year round.

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SHOP: 295 Franklin Street.

Estimates Cheerfully Furnished. Jobbing Promptly Attended to.

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**Carpets and Furniture!**

Odds, Ends and Remnants at Your Own Price.

**TERMS.**

\$75,000 WORTH OF CARPETS AND FURNITURE AT CLOSE OUT THE BALANCE OF SPRING STOCK.

**Carpets!**

25 pieces Tapestry Brussels Carpet, reg. price per yard 75c. 25 pieces Roly Brussels Carpet, reg. price per yard \$1.15. 25 pieces 3-ply Carpet, reg. price per yard \$1.00. 25 pieces All-wool Ingrain Carpet, reg. price per yard 75c. Low Priced Ingrain Carpet, per yard.

**Bedroom Suits.**

25 Antique Oak Bedroom Suits, reg. price \$30.00. 25 Antique Oak Bedroom Suits, reg. price \$15.00.

**Parlor Suits.**

25 Parlor Suits, in plush covering, reg. price \$25.00. 25 Parlor Suits, in rug covering, reg. price \$20.00.

Fancy Mattings, Refrigerators, Children's Carriages at Cost. To Close out the Balance of the Spring Stock.

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